

BUTLER WEEKLY TIMES

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J. D. ALLEN & Co., Proprietors.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

The WEEKLY TIMES, published every Wednesday, will be sent to any address one year, postage paid, for \$1.25.

The board of police commissioners of Kansas City, are determined to enforce the Sunday ordinance in regard to open saloons on that day.

The total bonded railroad debt of Cass county, is \$1,653,560. The assessed value of the property of the county is estimated at \$8,000,000.

"No other country," writes the President, "surpasses us in the inventive genius of its citizens, or in the business sagacity of its capitalists." If we are so very smart, how is it that we must be forever dependent upon an exorbitant tariff? How is it that our industries must always be infants?—*Courier Journal.*

Congressman John C. Tarsney, of Kansas City, has gone to New York to assist in the success of the democratic ticket. Mr. Tarsney is an Irishman, an eloquent speaker and one of the most active democratic members of the Missouri congressional delegation, and always proves himself a wheel horse in campaign.

It is reported that Carter Harrison has purchased a controlling interest in the Chicago Times and will control the policy of that paper in the future. In an interview he disclaimed any intention of running it as a Carter Harrison organ. He says:

"It will be for good government and for democracy. The Times, if I control it, will have no friends to serve, no enemies to punish, no hobbies to ride, nor axes to grind. It will give all the news, while excluding everything that is vulgar and indecent."

The pension department of the government must be getting in bad shape when the law of decency requires the president to make two changes of the head of this department in the brief space of two years. Tanner's career was so corrupt in the very outset that he had to move in a short time, and now comes the news that Baum's head is to drop in the basket, and Mr. Warner, of Kansas City has gone to Washington to consult the president in regard to stepping into his shoes. This pension business seems to be a thorn in the side of the republican party which pricks at every bend in the road and the time is not far distant when it will fill the vitals of the party and then will come the reckoning.

Senator Joe Blackburn believes that the democratic party is greater than any one man and that its principles should not be changed or eliminated in order to make it available for any individual to become a presidential candidate. He says:

"I would not take a man as candidate in 1892 except the one who shall appear to be most available and the true representative of the principals upon which the democratic party has been fighting for years. That the tariff is the pivotal issue in the contest all intelligent men know and all honest men admit; but to ignore the currency and silver issue some people think would be a mistake, and with their conclusions I am disposed to agree."

At a state meeting of the farmers alliance of Kansas, held at Salina, on the 23rd, W. H. Biddle, of Butler county, was elected president. President McGrath, Jerry Simpson and the other caucus fixers were outwitted by the plain folks, and now the big guns and dictators are very mad. They had arranged the slate to elect Utley and expected to send him under the wire with little or no opposition, and the unexpected turn in the convention makes them quite sick. The man elected was unknown in Kansas or the politics of the state until the alliance sprung up and now that he should be elected president over such prominent men as were put forward by sockless Jerry Simpson and company, seems to be an unpardonable sin, and the future good of this political organization is in imminent peril of discord and disaffection unless the big guns and office grabbers can be reconciled. Luck and unforeseen happenings in all political gatherings is a thing to be considered and McGrath, Utley and Simpson should take their medicine as dishied out, whether it be homoeopathic or allopathic. The Kansas Alliance would be a much more thrifty organization were there more offices to be dispensed.

City of Mexico, Oct. 23.—Advises received here from numerous sources reveal the fact that in many sections of the country the scarcity of food is so great as to result in actual suffering among the people.

Calico Charles and his Home Market.

The speech made by Hon. Calico Charles Foster at Findlay must have helped McKinley, for it has certainly demonstrated that there is one man in Ohio more of a numbskull than he. Imagine, if you can, Blaine or any other republican with brains making such a preposterous argument as this, the key-note of all the Honorable Charles had to say on the tariff:

"I do not know of a more fallacious proposition than the one contended for by all democrats, from Grover Cleveland to Jerry Simpson, that a tariff is a tax and the consumer pays the tax."

The price of wool under the McKinley bill is clear demonstration of the fallacy of the democratic declaration that the consumer pays the tax. Observe the result of the tariff law upon this article.

Wool, such as is raised in Ohio is not worth quite so much as when the law was enacted, and the democrats, while shouting at the top of their voices that a tariff is a tax, are trying to make votes among the wool growers because it proved that the tariff is not a tax."

If this does not set the Ohio sheep to bleating, it is because they have neither sense of humor nor spirit of indignation left in them after the fraud practised upon them.

Half the wool used in this country is imported. The manufacturing corporations pay a swinging duty on it, and this duty they add to the price of their product. They also add as much as they can of the "compensating duty" on manufactured wools, and when the citizen of Ohio buys from these corporations he pays their corporation prices. When he sells them wool he also sells at their corporation prices, for they have their combine to fix prices while he has none. There is no "National Consumers' Trust," no great consolidated corporation of all the wool growers in the country. The corporations combine, substituting low grade wools, shoddy and cotton for Ohio wool, simply says to the Ohio wool grower: "We are doing quite well, thank you, without your wool but will take it from you if you will knock off a little to compensate us for the great expense we are at in paying the duty on the foreign wools we have to import to mix with yours." And the Ohio sheep owner accordingly sells, as he buys, at corporation prices. He has no other market except this, controlled by trusts and combines, and he has no combine of his own strong enough to control the market and set prices, the corporations control it against him when he buys and when he sells.

And then, when, after selling his wool cheap, he goes in his high-priced, cotton warp coat to hear Hon. Calico Charles Foster speak, the Hon. Calico Charles tells him that the tariff is not a tax because Ohio wool is cheaper now than it was before McKinley promised to increase its price by making an average increase of 10 per cent in the tax on over 4,000 articles in general use.

And as if this were not enough, Hon. Calico Charles, after arguing that the tariff cheapens the articles on which it is levied, wanders along until all at once he is drooling the regular sing song of Protectionist denunciation of low tariff for making things so plentiful and cheap that they are nasty. Compare this, at the wind up, with the above quotation from the middle of the Foster speech:

"As you know, my business life was one of very close relation to the farmer. I have witnessed the transitions from prosperity to depression and from depression to prosperity several times during my career. I have bought your produce in days of democratic rule under a revenue tariff—wheat for less than 50 cents per bushel, corn for 20 cents and oats 16 cents; hogs for 2 cents per pound dressed, butter for 6 cents and eggs 3 cents per dozen. At the same time I sold you cotton shirtings at 20 cents, calico at 15 to 25 cents, sugar at 10 cents, salt at \$2 to \$3 per barrel. How on earth you survived is a mystery."

How on earth the farmer survived such dealings with the Honorable Calico Charles is, indeed, a mystery. Perhaps he didn't. There is no record that anyone ever got rich out of trades to which the Honorable Calico Charles was a party. But the Honorable Calico Charles did. He is a millionaire, and it is interesting to hear from him how he laid the foundation to his fortune—a much larger one even than John Sherman has saved out of his moderate salary. It shows the immense advantages of the "home market" to those who control it.

In the days when he kept his Calico Home Market, the farmer could not drive two miles to the railroad station and ship or sell his produce at market prices, less commissions, for New York and Liverpool. Railroads were few and generally inaccessible. The best the farmers in the neighborhood could do was to load their produce on their wagons

and take it to Foster's Home Market, where he set the prices on his calico and on their produce. His Home Market trap caught them coming and going. He marked calico up and eggs down, making them give him five dozen eggs for one yard of calico; from 100 to 150 pounds of meat for a barrel of salt, and only two and a half yards of low grade cotton for a bushel of wheat. It is indeed a wonder if the farmer survived, and it is no wonder at all that Mr. Foster is a millionaire, for here are prices at which butter sold in the city markets when he was buying it in his Calico Home Market at 6 cents a pound:

1854.....	24 cents
1855.....	28 cents
1856.....	28 cents
1857.....	28 cents
1858.....	25 cents
1859.....	27 cents

And when he was charging from \$2 to \$3 a barrel for salt, here is what fine salt was selling for in open market:

1857.....	70 cents
1858.....	62 cents
1859.....	75 cents

When he gave only 2 cents a pound for meat, these were New York prices:

Mess Pork, bbl.	
1847.....	\$16 00
1848.....	13 00
1849.....	14 25

In 1855 and 1856, under the republican tariff, the same grade of pork sold in the same market for from \$9 to \$14 50 a barrel, the highest price paid in 1856 being \$12 50. And when the Honorable Calico Charles was selling sugar for 10 cents, here are New York prices for brown sugar.

1852.....	3 cents
1853.....	4 cents
1854.....	6 cents
1858.....	5 cents
1859.....	5 cents

And when he was buying wheat for 50 cents a bushel, here are New York prices:

Per Bushel	
1854.....	\$2 50
1855.....	2 80
1856.....	2 17
1857.....	1 95
1859.....	1 65

These figures are "compiled from the reports of the secretary of the treasury, the reports of the New York chamber of commerce, the New York shipping lists and price current and the New York produce exchange reports," by Hon. Ainsworth R. Spofford, librarian of congress, and these may be found on pages 100 to 103 of his "American Almanac" for 1888. As here given, they are not the average prices, but prices at which the Honorable Calico Charles had a chance to buy and sell by watching the market. After looking at them there is no mystery about how he survived, but the mystery of the survival of his customers grows more and more impenetrable.—*Republic.*

Beginning to Use Money in Iowa.

Des Moines, Ia., Oct. 14.—The republican boodile is beginning to show itself in this campaign. S. L. Mash, an attorney and the brightest representative of the colored race in Iowa, is supporting the democratic ticket and has won over a large following of his people. Tomorrow morning he will publish an affidavit setting forth that Chairman Rehkopf, of the Polk county republican committee, offered him \$200 in money and a lucrative office in the next legislature if he would support the republican ticket and use his influence to win the colored voters back to its support.

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